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The Adventures of Inspector PeePee McGee, P.I.



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Chapter 1 by James

It was a rainy night, the kind that never ended in anything good, a fact PeePee McGee had become all too familiar with as a private investigator in the nation's most crime laden city - Browntown. He was currently investigating the whereabouts of a stolen poodle. This wasn't just any ordinary poodle however, this poodle belonged to Martín Gotzapoop, the wealthiest man in Brownsville. He owned just about everything in the city; the roads, the buildings, the restaurants...the police. But his most cherished possession was Latrina, the twelve time International Ugliest Dog Show winner, whom McGee was currently hot on the trail of, and PeePee's search for the misshapen canine led him straight to the Fartknocker estate, a massive manor located on Rimmer Ridge, the highest peak in the entire city. It looked like something straight out of a horror novel; large doors with brass knockers, giant windows placed on steeped towers made of stone. The place was a modern day castle, but more importantly, it belonged to the second most wealthy family in Browntown. PeePee tipped his fedora forward to stifle the barrage of rain assailing his face and grasped the collar of his trench coat to keep what little warmth he had safe. This was shaping up to be a long night.

PeePee climbed the stairs to the front door and grasped the brass knocker, a cliché lions head,

and let it fall three times. No sooner had PeePee knocked when an older gentleman, whose attire told of his profession of the law, opened the door. He was a stout little man, pudgy and angry, and his countenance showed a deep dislike for the incessant humming of the rain.

"You that investiga' they been talkin' 'bout all damn day," he spoke with a scowl and a slight Boston accent.

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"Yes I'm..."

"PeePee McGee. I know. Mr. Fartknocka's waitin' for ya in the study."

He moved out of the doorway and gestured to be followed.

"Close the door behind ya, and don't get any mud on this rug! I didn't spend the whole day cleanin' dog shit off the damn floor for some PeePee fella' to trail his good for nothing boots through this mansion. You got that."

"Yes. I got it," McGee replied, trying to remain calm with this ratchety old man. "Does Mr. Fartknocker have any pets?"

"Of course he does ya idiot. I just said I spent the day cleanin' dog shit off the floor. You think that stuff just appears outta nowhere?"

This wasn't exactly the response PeePee was looking for but he had an idea this was all he was going to get out of this old timer.

"And by the way, PeePee's a family name. It was my father's and his father's before him and his fath..."

"GOD BOY! DID I ASK YOU ABOUT YOUR STUPID NAME!"

The geriatric stopped dead in his tracks and faced PeePee, looking up at him due to his minuscule stature. They had stopped in the middle of an enormous ballroom, a magnificently brilliant chandelier overhead, and the voice of the old man echoed off the high ceilings.

"Now Mr. Fartknocka's right through those double doors there. I can't stand another second of you!"

With a wave of his hand the butler was off, the quick pattering of his short legs signaling his departure, and leaving PeePee face to face with an enormous set of wooden doors.

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"Hinn, Mahogany" McGee commented to himself, the knocker may be a thief but the man certainly has style.

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"Indeed I do Mr. McGee." The voice startled PeePee and he quickly turned around to face none other than Mr. Fartknocker himself.

"Mr. Fartknocker!" PeePee was definitely embarrassed, having called a man a thief in his own home. "I thought you were in the study! I didn't know you were there. I was simply admiring your..."

"Do not worry detective. I know the circumstances under which you are here. I left the study several minutes ago to relieve myself in the bathroom." The man chuckled through his whiskered mustache. "You know I have lived here all my life, but I have yet to see very single restroom. Ha! Simply remarkable! Now follow me."

He opened the doors to reveal an eloquently decorated room truly worthy of the term study. As PeePee entered the room he saw a dog bed in the corner of the room, just next to the fireplace, ablaze with an orange flame that cast a glow about the entire room.

Mr. Fartknocker rounded his desk, took his seat and motioned for McGee to do the same. McGee sat in the chair offered to him and sank neatly into the furnishing.

"Brazilian leather," Fartknocker said, referring to the seat PeePee had just taken. "A man of taste I am Mr. McGee, but a thief I am not."

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